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## THE MORNING OF THE YEAR,

In the evanescent beauty of a winter morning's glow.  
Come the footsteps of the New Year o'er the light and fleecy snow,  
And a happy welcome soundeth from the steeple guarded chimneys  
And prophesy the tuneful bells the dawn of better times;  
In the splendor of the morning, e'er the stars have vanished quite,  
When the earth awaits her bridal in her robes of spotless white.  
And the millions watch impatient while the holy bells they hear,  
From the orient, old in story, comes again the glad New Year.  
The old year passes slowly, like a vision of the night,  
With its ever-shaded sorrows and its pleasures dimly bright.  
In its footsteps all around us lie a people's tears imperish'd,  
And its dark and silent passage is the joy of all the world;  
Let the bells that ring its going greet the infant New Year's birth,  
May its dawn proclaim an era that shall brighten all the earth;  
Let every land beneath the sun from trouble find release,  
And read upon its brow the sign of universal peace.  
Columbia greets the New Year with a welcome fair to see,  
And brighter glow the stars that gem the banner of the free;  
To the future that it brings us, to the days that come apace,  
We trust the mighty destiny that doth invest our race;  
In the flushes of its dawning we can see a grander fame  
Than that whose halo gilds to-day our country's deathless name,  
In the brightness and the beauty of the year's initial morn  
Beneath the flag our fathers gave a newer day is born.  
Hail the year's auspicious dawning! let all strife and evil cease,  
May every sword be buried 'neath the blended bloom of peace,  
May every son of freedom stand erect to-day and hear  
With lifted soul the chimes that ring the morning of the year;  
From far Alaska's whitened coast to where the waving pines  
Their shadows shed where nobly stood the serried battle lines,  
From Maine's immortal surges with their legends till untold  
To where the Sacramento cleaves a paradise of gold.  
Ring out, O chimes, your gladness, let rejoicing rule the land,  
God holds the New Year's blessing in the hollow of His hand.  
He hath guarded well our country from the days of long ago  
When knelt the Pilgrim Fathers in the New Year's fleecy snow;  
Each year hath brought us grandeur, and the one before us now  
Will set another star of fame upon Columbia's brow;  
Behold! with added glory now the nation doth appear  
In its bright and matchless splendor of the dawning of the year.  
It means for every mortal on the land and on the sea  
Its light is shed on every path that leads to liberty;  
The sunlight of its morning falls alike on hut and spire  
And kindles in the heart of man a new and holy fire;  
Lo! it marches to the anthem that the Choir Immortal sings,  
And every tongue may prophecy the blessings that it brings;  
From east to west, from north to south throughout our country dear  
Let the proudest and the humblest greet the dawning of the year.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

## ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By Manda L. Crocker.

The swish of a blue dress, a faint breath of violets, as in passing, and he felt rather than saw Marie Summerfield go by.

Standing a little apart from the knots of merry young people thronging the pleasant rooms, he was conscious of a thread of pain running through the last night of the old year, touching only Miss Summerfield and himself.

By he, I mean Leigh Reyburn,

the owner of the old-fashioned, low-roomed grange beneath whose roof the young people of Gladbrook had gathered to keep a merry watch-night. With music and laughter and gay repartee they meant to dance a welcome to the joyous New year without much thought for the staid old twelve-month which had served them so faithfully.

But Leigh moved uneasily, sending imploring glances after the blue gown, all to no purpose. Marie was absorbed with the fascinating company of Maurice Davenport, and was smiling her sweetest—and Marie could smile divinely—and entertaining him admirably.

Reyburn was thinking hard, and, it must be confessed, uncharitably. Had he worshiped and petted and lived for Miss Summerfield these two blessed sunlit years, to have hope and happiness go into the grave of the frail old year leaving nothing but memories?

What was that Marie was singing to the sweet-toned guitar she held so daintily, strapped in place with a blue ribbon?

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
The year is dying, let it go;  
Ring in the new, ring in the new."

Her voice seemed to falter a little on the repeat as it fell to a soft cadence. Was it possible she was thinking of the old so tenderly—the old love, for instance? Ah! well, he did not know.

The yule log had burned out a week ago, but he had not the heart to take up the silvery ashes from the old, red brick hearth as yet. Ever since that other night he had kept his vow and closed his doors to all merriment for two long years. But somehow the lads and lassies of Gladbrook had lain their sympathies on the door stone and worked themselves into his good graces once more, and before he realized what he was he had given up the silent rooms again to a Christmas party. But no more New Year frolics under his roof, he said; not until—well, maybe—He stopped short in his musings; still the remnant of the wistful toe hang in the bracket work of the old chandelier; and he remembered now, as he looked at it, now pure and fair Alicia Merrill looked when Herman Montrose kissed her beneath its potent spell a week ago. She put him in mind, O, so much, of her. Covering his eyes

for a moment with trembling hand, he went to the window and looked out. White and glistening as an angel's wing lay the snow on the intervening fields. Over there was her house, but she had been away now for a long time studying music, and he had heard, for she did not write to him, that her voice was simply divine, and as a musician she was wonderful.

Nevertheless, it was a night like this, nodding toward the flooding moonlight outside, that they—he and she—had their misunderstanding. A spasm of pain crossed his fine face and he caught his breath a little. He could not tell just how it came about, never clearly understanding, but that night so much like this, and New Year's Eve, too, marked the beginning of their diverging paths. And he had heard of diverging paths which came together again after awhile!

To-morrow was the glad New Year again. Would its happy greetings be only mockery to him?

Suddenly a thought, which had shouldered in his mind for days, flashed up like a gleam of heavenly light, radiating his whole being.

She was coming home to-night on the late train; and he was so hungry to see her; only God knew how famished of heart he was!

He would take the down train, get off at Rockland when she changed cars for Gladbrook. No one could prevent him from riding home in the same coach with her; and even that would be a blessed comfort. Then, maybe, something would come of it. Who knew?

In 15 minutes he was inside his great coat and locking the hall door, with a nervous, glad excitement stealing over him, like the coming of a new day. A ten-minutes' walk brought him to the station.

"Going away for the New Year?" queried the agent, pleasantly, handing Reyburn the required pasteboard.

"O, a little way," he replied, absently, pulling on his gloves.

Scarcely had he settled himself in the outward-bound train than Joe Antrim thumped him on the shoulder and sang out: "Hullo! going away on a blow-out, I suppose? Well, so am I. Some are going away, and some are coming home."

In the awkward silence which followed Joe's voluble introduction, he seemed to read Reyburn's thoughts, for, without looking further for reply, he began again: "Miss Summerfield is coming to-night, they say; and they say, too, that she is bringing her best fellow with her. Gladbrook looks for a wedding at the Summerfield home to-morrow. But, of course, I don't know; it is only gossip, maybe."

Having thus delivered himself, Joe Antrim, without waiting for reply, betook himself to the smoker, leaving Reyburn in just the state of mind he intended.

(Continued on page 2.)

## OPEN HOUSE.

The Ladies Social Club assisted by their daughters will keep open house on New Years evening from seven till eleven o'clock.

The following ladies will receive with Mrs. Thomas Proctor Mesdames Nichols, Clark, McClintic, Boutware, Robertshaw and Theo Gartner and Misses Bristow, Tuley and Jaeger.

Mrs. Geo. Carson will be assisted by Rev. and Mrs. Nicolson, Mesdames Lyon, Davenport, E. L. Anderson, Parnell, C. E. Tucker, Misses Dillon and Carson.

Rev. and Mrs. Travis, Mesdames Pettit, Eakle, Reid, McNutt, Moss, Misses Margaret McConachie, Lyon and Anderson will assist Mrs. Margaret Stewart.

Mrs. Robert Lear will have Rev. and Mrs. Hatch, Mesdames A. Jaeger, Patton, Wood, D. Proctor, Misses Nelson, McConachie and Parnell to assist her. The ladies will expect to see all their gentleman friends.

Christmas evening some thirty persons assembled at the home of Rev. J. H. Riffe, each individual as they filed in, deposited on the dining table, a gift in the line of edibles, in all making quite an addition to his larder. After which in a nice little speech, Rev. J. H. Terrill presented him on behalf of his friends a handsome cash donation. To this the Rev. J. H. Riffe responded in his happy mode in which he expressed his appreciation of the gift, and his much higher appreciation of the motive that prompted the donors. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in social conversation.

## FEEBLE MINDED COLONY.

The Board of Managers of the Colony for the Feeble Minded meet in Kansas City today to decide which city is the fortunate one. The Board has visited Marshall, Lexington, Glasgow, Mexico, Hannibal, Springfield and Monroe City, the cities which made bids for the institution and now have some idea of the advantages offered by each city. Each contesting city may send representatives to meet with the committee at Kansas City today. Monroe City has sent to represent her the following persons:

Dr. Proctor and wife, R. E. Lear, J. C. Peirson, J. M. Johnson, W. S. McClintic, J. H. McClintic, J. J. Rogers, J. J. Brown, J. W. Johnston, and W. J. Rouse.

The Woodman lodge last summer took a trip up to Monroe. They talked about their treatment, and I thought justly so. They claimed they acted prettily, and did not cut up capers. But I had to wink the other eye. When I read the Monroe paper, —Palmyra Spectator.

James Egan came in from Dallas, Texas, to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Egan. He has been for several years a faithful worker in the Dallas Electric Company's plant and is well posted in his work.

Gardner's band will furnish the music for the ball to be given by the Misses Dillon to-morrow evening at the opera house.

Dean J. R. Pentuff Ph. D., of Burlington Institute, Burlington, Iowa, preached Sunday morning and evening at the opera house.